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SIXPENCE.

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SHIPS OF THE AIR ATTACK THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT": BRITISH AEROPLANES DROPPING BOMBS ON A SENUSSI CAMEL CONVOY LADEN WITH AMMUNITION.

We illustrate here an incident on February 6 in Western Egypt. The sketch from which our drawing was made was accompanied by the note: "In the region of Baharia Wells, south of Dabaa, one of the four great wells in the desert between Alexandria

and Matruh, two of our aeroplanes accomplished a very hazardous feat in dropping bombs on a Senussi village and demolishing a camel convoy. Some camels were laden with high explosives, and violent explosions occurred, causing great damage."

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HANSEN FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THREE TRAVEL BOOKS.

THOUSANDS of lads seek the great adventure. Just now they find it in the fields of war, but in normal times they go out to the ends of the earth, greatly daring, long suffering. A few succeed; many go under; a residue contrives to carry on until the spirit that impelled the first journey is quenched, and then they return to civilisation. Now and again one of the adventurous brotherhood writes a book and gives a picture of the times he has outgrown or escaped from. Mr. A. Saffroni-Middleton has done this, and he calls his record "Sailor and Beachcomber" (Grant Richards). The Pacific Islands and Australia were his hunting-grounds. He left England secretly, and with the aid of a friend, at the age of fourteen. His assets were a violin and a certain facility in its handling; and as the story is unfolded the violin is revealed as a faithful friend always standing between him and destitution. Mr. Middleton, who writes verses and music, can create an atmosphere, and many of his pages are full of vivid narrative. But his emotions are untutored, and he gives far too much space to the purely sexual side of life in the Pacific Islands and to insistence upon the absence of clothes. His picture of South Sea missionary enterprise is a very black one indeed: he suggests that the natives are being exterminated by Christianity, and that the missionaries themselves sometimes live lives divorced from decency or restraint. In Samoa he met Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife: it is these meetings that help rather vaguely to fix the date of the narrative, and there are some interesting anecdotes about "R. L. S." One Marquesan chief, Hafao by name, told Mr. Middleton that Stevenson had come from England to see him and kneel at his feet. We learn that the natives do not shoot or disturb the birds round the grave on Vaea Mountain, because they believe that they are singing songs that "R. L. S." taught them. Mr. Middleton, whose book deals only with the first years of his travels, crowded many stirring adventures into them. His experiences in the slums of Sydney, in the gold rush to Kalgoorlie, with the Queensland aborigines, and in Tahiti and elsewhere, are exciting and often well told. It is unfortunate that he should find from time to time that the example of Mr. Silas Wegg is irresistible.

A preface usually serves the purpose of explanation or excuse, and the absence of one from a book called "By Forest Ways in New Zealand" (Heath, Cranton) may suggest that the author, Mr. F. A. Roberts, is well content. The work opens with the following sentence: "The ship which brought me to New Zealand called first at Wellington, the capital city, with a population, as I afterwards heard, of ninety thousand." Mr. Roberts maintains this standard throughout, and his book resolves itself into an uninspired description of a very ordinary journey to Wellington, Otago, Dunedin, Christchurch, Copland Pass, Westland Glaciers, and finally to Auckland. Thirty years ago such a book might have been worth printing and publishing; one remembers from school days "The Voyage of the *Sunbeam*," and all the pleasure that its placid commonplaces could yield. Nowadays the outstanding facts about cities and pleasure-resorts in British Overseas Dominions are the property of the guide-book, and there are no salient facts submitted by Mr. Roberts that may not be found in such publications. "Next day I left Greymouth and went on by train to Hokitika, twenty-eight miles away, travelling through the bush all the time." The eye catches this sentence, Mr. Roberts is doubtless quite sincere. We believe he did leave Greymouth and that he did take the train to Hokitika. But was it worth while to make a book about such happenings, when the world is at war and paper supplies are running short? If this seems too harsh a query, let yet another stray sentence be quoted: "It was an excellent breakfast of tea, bread-and-butter and delicious nectarine jam; and I even had a boiled egg."

In Miss Helen C. Gordon's "A Woman in the Sahara" (Heinemann) one reads the story of Si Mahmoud Saadi, ostensibly a young Tunisian scholar, in reality the Russian girl, Isabelle Eberhardt, whose brief career was surely one of the strangest of recent times. She died—drowned in an inundation in the Oued—some ten years ago, at the age of twenty-seven. The chapter on her is the last, and possibly the shortest, in Miss Gordon's volume, to which it serves as a kind of epilogue: it is singled out first now because something of the enchantment of the African Desert which set alight the torch of Isabelle Eberhardt's genius is reflected in these pages. And so the epilogue can as serviceably be read as a prelude. The whole book, indeed, is one that suffers nothing from irregular perusal. It tempts the reader to a dip here and a dip there; a return from the mountains to the plateau, and back again; glimpses now in Constantine, now in the M'Zab. One moment you are with the *mov'abbir*, receiving his talisman in the shade of the terrace, when there appears Hafsâ, and then follows the tragic story of that daughter of old Mohamed-ben-Sayfa (such names are fascinating), whom Meunier painted and young Lieutenant Baloro abducted. A hundred pages further on you light on the mystery of the wife of Mohamed Azzizi. There she is, Fathima-Zorah, her face unveiled to the "Beau Monsieur" as she rises with languorous, panther-like gesture from the corner of the balcony into which she had sunk. Abdul-Ahmed, Mohamed Azzizi's servant with the craft, cruel look, has just gone by, after gazing up at her window, with his hand meditatively on his beard. There are other glimpses of Fathima-Zorah—one through shutters daringly opened wide, to where she stands encircling her eyes with koh-eul, holding a little glass in her other hand. The heavy odour of musk is in the air. The next thing heard is that the "Beau Monsieur" is dead—found on his bed, fully dressed, the coverlet drawn up over him, wine spilled on the table, but no sign of bottle or glass. Some said it was murder; some said suicide. We do not know. Miss Gordon never spoils her impressions by over-definition; that is why they attract us, and why we pursue them delightedly through a whole volume.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"KULTUR AT HOME." AT THE COURT.

SCARCELY a war-play, it is, nevertheless, a piece of stage-journalism, a drama of propagandist intent, which Mr. Besier and his colleague Sybil Spottiswoode have given us at the Court in "Kultur at Home." Theirs is a tale of mixed marriage—English girl with Prussian officer—and it draws a contrast between German and English ideas of culture. The authors try to hold the scales fairly, and, if they expose the narrowness and truculence of the sort of views held about domestic life and conduct and art and manners in a German garrison town, they do not fail to credit the unaccommodating English wife with a certain air of condescension and recklessness of opinion. But in the very business of making their two leading characters typically English and Prussian respectively they do violence to the amount of 'belief one can bring to such a case as theirs: a pair so unprepared for compromise and mutual forbearance would never have contracted the match that war destroys so irrevocably. Still, as a genre study the play is extremely interesting; its military and domestic setting is well managed, and (to mention a small point) the changes the English wife effects in the appointments of her home are very piquant. Moreover, there are emotional scenes provided that stir the blood, thanks to the strong acting of Miss Rosalie Toller and Mr. Malcolm Cherry, and address an appeal to national sentiment. So that, as a tract for the times as well as an exciting story, "Kultur at Home" has a right to expect a good measure of popular patronage.

THE BARRIE "SURPRISE."

It was only a joke, but every grain of humour is precious in these times, and not infrequently Sir James Barrie's jokes are better worth attending to than other persons' serious thoughts. So that perhaps a line or two may be spared for mention of the Barrie "surprise," presented at the royal matinee last week at the Coliseum under the title of "The Real Thing at Last." The Shakespearean tercentenary was its ostensible occasion. What might be the contribution of the cinema theatres towards the affair? seems to have been the query. Sir James Barrie answers himself with a film version of "Macbeth" done by an American producer. Of course, the text is thrown over, and, instead, most ludicrous explanations of the drama appear on the screen—thus the King's soliloquy "These Macbeths, I don't trust them," or a letter of Lady Macbeth to her spouse in choice Americanese. Meantime, Birnam Wood really does move to Dunsinane, and the fight of Macbeth and Macduff is "kolossal." No wonder the little burlesque was thought worth putting up for a run.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Zeppelins and Super-Zeppelins. R. P. Hearn. 2s. 6d. net (Bodley Head).
Aircraft in War and Peace. William A. Robson. 2s. 6d. net (Macmillan).
A Merry Banker in the Far East. W. H. Young. 5s. net (Bodley Head).
Memoirs of a Lady Motorist. Olivia Graham. 2s. 6d. net (Routledge).
A Manual of Explosives. A. R. J. Ramsey and H. C. Weston. 2s. 6d. net (Routledge).
The German African Empire. A. F. Calvert. 6s. - (Werner Laurie).
The Widowhood of Queen Victoria. Clare Jerrold. 15s. net (Nash).
The Austrian Court from Within. Princess Catherine Radzwill. 7s. 6d. net (Cassell).
The Luck of Thirteen. Mr. and Mrs. Jan Gordon. 7s. 6d. net (Smith, Elder).

FICTION.

The True Dimension. Warrington Dawson. 6s. - (Secker).
Peggen. Eleanor Hoyt Brainard. 3s. 6d. net (Grant Richards).
The Crimson Field. Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. - (Ward, Lock).
Back to the World. Mary Wall. 6s. - (Chapman and Hall).
T Devil Doctor. Sax Rohmer. 6s. - (Methuen).
The Shop Girl. C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 6s. - (Methuen).
Mrs. Balfame. Gertrude Atherton. 6s. - (Murray).
Love's Highway. Justus Miles Forman. 6s. - (Cassell).
Making Money. Owen Johnson. 6s. - (Secker).
Frey and His Wife. Maurice Hewlett. 3s. 6d. - (Ward, Lock).
The Impossible Mrs. Bellew. David Lisle. 6s. - (Nash).
The House of War. Marnaduke Pickethall. 6s. - (Nash).
Audrey. Mary Johnston. 2s. net - (Constable).
The Green Orchard. Andrew Soutar. 6s. - (Cassell).
The Right to Love. Robert Halifax. 6s. - (Methuen).
The Vanished Messenger. E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. - (Methuen).
Just Ourselves. Mrs. George Norman. 6s. - (Chapman and Hall).
The Lamp of Destiny. Isabel C. Clarke. 6s. - (Hutchinson).
Chapel. Miles Lewis. 6s. - (Heinemann).

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NEW NOVELS.

"David Penstephan."

Mr. Richard Pryce, whose work in "David Penstephan" (Methuen) is a careful study of mid-Victorian conventionalities, has chosen to observe them from the angle of John Penstephan the rebel. In the days when good Queen Victoria's example honoured the marriage state, and the Established Church was the rock on which respectable society sat, limpet-like, John Penstephan was an agnostic and an outlaw. He and the gentle Mary, his mate though not his legal wife, wandered with their children in a Continental wilderness, finding no rest for the soles of their feet. The conventional English turned up everywhere, refusing to live under the same hotel-roof with the Penstephans, making life intolerable for them in spas and pleasant watering-places. This strikes us as being an exaggeration—or at least Lady Harbington, with whose persecution of the family the story begins, works out as rather a grotesque figure. Some memory of the vicissitudes of Becky Sharp in her later days seems momentarily to have run away with Mr. Pryce's sense of proportion. The sequence of David's subsequent history is, however, carefully arranged; and it is impossible not to admire the sympathy with which his boyhood is handled. David's life was clouded by his mother's unhappiness, before he was old enough to analyse that unhappiness, which became acute when John Penstephan fell heir to a baronetcy. Their belated marriage could not, of course, make legal amends to David the firstborn for the wrong his parents had done him. Mr. Pryce conveys the gentle charm of Mary Penstephan and the love between mother and son no less effectively than he builds up his fine portrait of John Penstephan, a study in wrong-headedness.

"Exile."

"Exile" (Fisher Unwin) was the name of Dolf Wyllarde's Crown Colony somewhere (we are led to conjecture) in the Middle East. It is just as well that its composite nature is impressed upon the reader, for "Erotic" would have been a better name for it; and so active is Miss Wyllarde's plot in maltreating the Seventh Commandment that it is pleasant to be able to take refuge in the thought that, after all, there never was such a place—or such a group of people. For the rest, the tropical atmosphere is admirably rendered, and the characters are drawn with great vigour and vivacity. "Exile" is a live book. We could wish it were not. Miss Wyllarde has all the gifts of the successful novel-writer, including one that most authors would rather fail of than exercise—the art of tricking out sensuousness as the highest moral law. She is an able advocate of the doctrine that gratification of the instinct of love should be beyond all legal restrictions—a sort of Hun plea of necessity where infraction of a marriage vow is concerned. But by common consent there is (or there used to be) international law; and by common consent marriage is still a contract to be respected, even at individual inconvenience.

"Moby Lane."

There is all the fun of the fair in "Moby Lane" (The Bodley Head)—not Vanity Fair in the fashionable quarter, but that remotest alley where the cheap gingerbread sells, and the poor spend their pennies, and little whistling rascals rub elbows in the threadbare, jolly crowd. Mr. Neil Lyons knows his people. He has the knack of making the grotesque pathetic, or the pathetic grotesque—which you please: in his snippet way, he is a master of low comedy after the school of Charles Dickens. "The Mobies" is an admirable sketch of a tinker and his family—Mr. Moby, and Mrs. Moby (whose ambition it was to have at least one of her brood born under a roof instead of in the ditch), and all the little Mobies listening to the "artist on the elder-bough singing that little old thing of his in F: 'Did he do it? Did he do it?' 'Yes, he did!' cried all the little Mobies in reply. 'Yes he did! Yes, he did!'" Perhaps the best of this admirable collection of notes on humanity is "The Merry Wait." The Merry Wait was a small boy who wheezed through the key-hole, breathing free-rhymed versions of "The Mizzel-toe Bough," and "The Death of Nelson," and "The Murder in the Red Barn," and a patriotic song winding up with—

Yere's a health to King George, O,
And likewise his Queen,
Also the Royal Little Ones
Where e'er they are seen.
And I'm sure I means no treason.

We rejoice that Mr. Lyons has captured these priceless ditties.

"The Ivory Child."

The adventures of Alan Quatermain are evidently inexhaustible. That simple and modest hunter, after his experiences in the quest of the orchid (*vide* "The Holy Flower"), lost the little nest-egg he had acquired, and was compelled again to take the high road of fortune. He had his usual luck—the Quatermain luck—in being invited to join an expedition to East Central Africa in search of a beautiful peeress who had been kidnapped by the emissaries of the mysterious Kendah race. "The Ivory Child" (Cassell) teems with the marvels of the search and its consequences, and the touch-and-go business in which Alan Quatermain can be depended upon to excel is developed according to time-honoured precedent. Alan Quatermain (as we know by the letter discovered by Mr. Andrew Lang and given to the world by him in "Old Friends") has been proven to be a plain man, much addicted to telling a plain and truthful story, so that we must not doubt that the shooting-party at Raynell took place as described in the opening chapters. In Africa, of course, no one can say what might not happen; but the day at Raynell with the pheasants is as marvellous in its way as any of the adventures among the tribes of Darkest Africa. That head-keeper . . . and the wager with Sir Junius Fortescue . . . and other things. And was Miss Holmes really announced by Savage, the perfect major-domo, as "The Honourable Miss Holmes"? Truly all the wonders of "The Ivory Child" are not confined to Africa.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE average patriotic citizen has by this time, I am glad to say, a fairly settled attitude towards the political scandals and panics created by the more pessimistic Press. It is very much the attitude of the man who said he did not believe in ghosts because he had seen too many of them. Such disturbing revelations are unconvincing, not so much in their details as in their design, and, above all, their repetition. The real excitement of war has quite a different rhythm from the excitement of news; it recurs at different and much longer intervals; and we can no more expect a continuous supply of it than expect Christmas every day or harvests all the year round. I am ready to believe, indeed, I am rather predisposed to believe, that politicians frequently fail; but I do not believe that the failures of politicians are timed to suit the successes of journalists. The soldier does not die daily for the purposes of the daily Press; and the most ill-armed or badly handled battalion does not report at the instant of peril in the style of a serial, or go to pieces to fit the moment fixed for going to press.

It is common enough to associate gloom with dullness; but, in truth, our gloomy journalism is not dull enough to be true. War, among other things, is work; and very hard work. Now, hard work is one of the two or three things which, of their nature, cannot be conveyed in literature, far less in journalism. That is why literature, especially modern literature, unfortunately tends to busy itself with the bewilderments of the small minority who are in possession of money. The private divorces and private re-marriages that occupy the long drawing-room scenes in so many modern plays resolve themselves very largely into the matter of private means. There is no such thing possible in drama as a scene in a workshop; at least, in a workshop where anybody does any work. A dramatist has to do something which some say no gentleman should do—he has to make a scene. If we happen to know the truth about what the newspapers call “a scene in the House of Commons,” we know that the scene is very often made by the journalists, and is quite unknown to the House of Commons that is supposed to have indulged in it. The politicians learn in their papers at breakfast next morning of the world-shaking crisis in which they have taken part. Even legislators do a little more work than is compatible with a series of incessant scenes. But because what was once the free English Parliament has unfortunately fallen to be a rather artificial and unrepresentative affair, such falsification of something already false does not do so very much harm. But when this daily appetite for dramatic display is applied to war, the drama of which moves upon different pivots of moon and sun, of months and even of years, it becomes a weak and evil appetite; for it is falsifying something that is really important, really representative, and really popular. And if we are to appreciate wherein war is really momentous we must emphatically realise, first, that it is largely monotonous.

We can realise this quite well if we take the case of any other strenuous and largely materialistic enterprise, that is more or less akin to war. If we told a man to dig a tunnel a hundred miles long, we should not expect him to be always finding buried treasure to make a flutter in the evening papers. If the Government fitted out a ship to find the South Pole, we might very well expect, in the light of what we know of Governments, that many things would be found wrong with the ship's equipment and many perils overlooked in the calculation of her course. But suppose somebody brought out every day something that professed to be the log of the ship; and suppose it consisted

entirely of stowaways found in every corner and maroons left on every island, like a boy's adventure-book. We might think the captain an ordinary, or even an insufficient person; but suppose, by this account, he had a shipwreck the first day, a mutiny the second day, a defeat by pirates the third day; suppose the next day's issue denounced him for his unpardonable failure to catch the Great Sea Serpent,

successful or unsuccessful, it is generally slow work. When we have reflected on the fact that the chief occupation of a sailor is sailing, we may have prepared our minds for the paradox that the chief occupation of a soldier is soldiering: that it is an occupation which is frequently dull for him, and is generally quite unintelligible to us. But this preference of news to facts has produced one effect which poisons what might well be quite legitimate criticism. I mean the confusion by which practicality is conceived as the same as activity. There is a disposition to ask for a sham “man of action” who is merely a man who is always acting; whereas the only valuable man of action is the man who knows when to act. The Government is perpetually adjured to do something; when, as a matter of fact, the something would merely have the effect of preventing other things being done.

I know no better working example than the case of the Zeppelins. I would not factiously infringe a scheme laid down by legitimate authority: I will pull down the blinds when I light a lamp; and I would, if necessary, put my head in a bag when I light a cigar. But when the pessimist Press calls on all our rulers and administrators to concentrate on a campaign against Zeppelins, I take my head out of the bag, so to speak, and am disposed to express myself with some violence. If I am to abuse the Government at all, I shall certainly abuse it for making too much fuss about Zeppelins, not for making too little. I grudge to the Germans the pleasure of putting out a single candle; I should not think the burning of a German city the smallest compensation for it. Surely, the ideal to be aimed at is that the enemy should merely write off his Zeppelin raids as a bad debt; an expenditure showing as little return in a moral sense as it admittedly shows in a military sense. We want to make the thing a mere waste of ammunition. Suppose that Germany's stock of vegetable provisions is running low; and suppose she nevertheless thinks it worth while to set aside a certain number of turnips to make turnip ghosts. I suggest that in such a case we decline to believe in turnip ghosts. I more particularly suggest that we do not make the Lord High Exorcist of Turnip Ghosts more important than all our admirable captains fighting by land and sea.

Men working with the invisible and monotonous industry which, as I have said above, is the soul of military science, have brought English aviation to a very high point of efficiency, especially for those purposes of military observation which are by far its most important purposes. Yet it has actually been proposed that all forms of aviation should be united in a separate service: or, in other words, that air-craft should be taken away from those who use it to outmanoeuvre mighty armies, and given to those whose business it is to protect you and me from a few dangerous fireworks. Surely it would be far sancer to say we would have no protection against Zeppelins at all than to say that our local trouble should be allowed to entangle the tremendous plans which can alone save the world. It may be reasonable to adopt some scientific precautions against Zeppelins, as we already adopt some scientific precautions against lightning, especially in connection with particular and important buildings. But we cannot conduct life with lightning-conductors, or war with any similar apparatus. And I would as soon regard the whole thing as a thunderstorm, and guard against it with nothing more than an umbrella, if the only alternative is to halve and hamper the authority of those unadvised leaders who are saving our country, not with umbrellas, but with guns.

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A BRITISH TRIBUTE TO THE MAID OF ORLEANS: MEMBERS OF THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE AT THE STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC, IN THE PLACE DES PYRAMIDES, PARIS.

During their recent visit to Paris, the members of the British Parliamentary Committee, with Lord Bryce at their head, placed upon the statue of Joan of Arc, in the Place des Pyramides, a wreath, as a symbol of “the complete reconciliation between the two nations, at a time when the two nations, united by the same sentiment of veneration for this heroine of ancient France, defend the liberty of the world.” M. Georges Clemenceau responded to the speech of Lord Bryce at the opening of the first meeting of the Anglo-French Committee.

and the next contained a detailed and horrible description of the interior of Davy Jones's Locker. In that case, I venture to say, we should not believe that this stimulating diary was really the ship's log at all. We should not disbelieve it because we believed that the ship's captain possessed all the qualities of Nelson and Columbus. We should disbelieve it because we happen to know that a sea-voyage consists mostly of sea. Whether the work is

ALBANIA: EGYPT: AND LAKE TANGANYIKA: WAR NEWS BY CAMERA.



BEFORE THE EVACUATION OF DURAZZO: ESSAD PASHA'S ARTILLERY FIRING AT A BOMB-DROPPING AUSTRIAN AEROPLANE.

The Albanian troops of Essad Pasha's Army did good work in defending Durazzo before it was found necessary to evacuate it. A Reuter message of February 26 stated that the withdrawal of the Serbian, Montenegrin, and Albanian troops from Albania had been completed, and that the Italian Brigade at



FIRING AT AN AUSTRIAN AEROPLANE FLYING OVER DURAZZO: AN ALBANIAN MACHINE-GUN SECTION, OF ESSAD PASHA'S FORCES, IN ACTION.

Durazzo had also embarked, as the Albanian Government had left the town. Some 260,000 men, it is said, were safely removed by sea under the protection of the Italian fleet, which kept the Austrian fleet shut up in harbour at Cattaro and bombarded the enemy's land forces near the coast.



1. WHERE THE DORSET YEOMANRY MADE "A BRILLIANT AND MOST EFFECTIVE" CHARGE: WESTERN EGYPT—CAVALRY AND ARMOURD CARS GOING INTO ACTION.

3. WHERE A SENUSSI PRISONER WAS CAUGHT: A SAND-CAVE IN WESTERN EGYPT.

With reference to the recent fighting in Western Egypt, the War Office published on February 29 a despatch from Lieut.-General Maxwell. "The fight on Saturday last" (the 26th), he stated, "ended in a decisive success for our arms. The enemy were under the personal command of Nuri Bey (brother of Enver), with Gaafar as his principal subordinate. General Peyton reports that the attack by the South



2. WITH THE ARMOURD CARS NEAR MATRUH, ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER OF EGYPT: SCOUTS RETURN FROM LOCATING THE ENEMY.

4. IN WESTERN EGYPT: A SENUSSI OUTPOST CAPTURED NEAR MATRUH.

African Infantry, under General Lukin, was completely successful, and that "the charge of the Dorsetshire Yeomanry was brilliant and most effective. In this charge Gaafar was wounded and made a prisoner and Nuri was killed." Mersa Matruh, 150 miles from the frontier, formed the British point of concentration.



A LAKE TANGANYIKA SUCCESS: A CROWD ON THE BEACH AWAITING GERMAN PRISONERS—SHOWING COMMANDER SPICER-SIMSON SIGNALING TO THE "MIMI."

For a time the Germans possessed "command of the water" on Lake Tanganyika and could transport troops freely across it. On January 5, however, it was officially announced by the Press Bureau: "A report has been received from the officer commanding the naval expedition to Lake Tanganyika stating that on December 26 the German armed-steamer 'Kingani' was attacked and forced to surrender after an action lasting ten minutes. All the German officers were killed, and the steamer, in spite of her



THE CAPTURE OF A GERMAN GUNBOAT ON LAKE TANGANYIKA ON BOXING DAY: NATIVE STRETCHER-BEARERS WAITING ON THE BEACH TO BRING THE GERMAN DEAD ASHORE.

being in a sinking condition, was safely brought into port by our vessels." Later, a Reuter message, giving details, said: "The gun-boat was sighted at 8 a.m., whereupon the motor-boats immediately rushed at full speed to the attack. Fire was opened at 2500 yards, the Germans failing to hit. The second British shot carried away the gun-boat's wireless apparatus, and the third hit her on the water-line. . . . The fifth shot killed the captain, who had belonged to the 'Königsberg.'"—[Photographs by C.N.]

THE DEFENDER OF VERDUN: "ONE OF THE DISCOVERIES OF THE WAR."



IN COMMAND OF THE FRENCH ARMIES ATTACKED BY THE MASSED GERMANS AT VERDUN: GENERAL PÉTAİN (CENTRE)
WALKING WITH GENERAL JOFFRE.

General Pétain, who has sprung into fame by his splendid defence of Verdun, has risen rapidly to his present position since the war began, when he was on the point of retiring, at the age of fifty-nine, with the rank of Colonel. By successive promotions he became Brigadier, Divisional General, Army Corps General, and then Army General. He is very energetic, keeping himself fit by constant exercise. At Verdun he has controlled the operations, travelling quickly from point to point in an armoured car. Like Napoleon, he always sees that his soldiers are well fed, and has great regard for their welfare. Lord Northcliffe, writing from Verdun recently, describes General Pétain as "one of the

discoveries of the war," and goes on to say: "One hears of luxury at Headquarters, but I have not experienced it, either at our own Headquarters or at the French. General Pétain, when I enjoyed his hospitality at luncheon, drank tea. . . . In the brief meal he allowed himself the General discussed the battle as though he were merely an interested spectator. In accordance with the drastic changes that the French, like the Germans, are making in their Command, his rise has been so rapid that he is little known to the French people, though greatly trusted by General Joffre and the Government." General Pétain is seen here in the centre. General Joffre is on the left

THE GREAT BATTLE OF VERDUN: PHASES



ONE OF THE THREE CIVILIANS LEFT IN VERDUN: THE CABARET-KEEPER AUTHORISED TO REMAIN—
TO SERVE PASSING SOLDIERS.



ONE OF THE CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS OF THE FRENCH DEFENCE: A DEPOT OF HEAVY ARTILLERY SHELLS
FORMED OUT OF RANGE OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS.



ON THE WAY TO ACT AS ONE OF THE EYES OF
PROCEEDING.



PROVING AN EFFICIENT MATCH FOR THE GERMAN
BEING TRANSPORTED BY.



HOW GENERAL PÉTAIN DOES HIS BEST
KEPT UNDER COVER DURING

OF A TITANIC "WAR WITHIN A WAR."



THE FORTRESS: AN OBSERVATION-BALLOON UNIT
TO ITS POST.



HEAVY ARTILLERY: A FRENCH 120-MM. POSITION-GUN
MOUNTED TO ITS FIRING-POINT.



THE CLEARING-OUT OF THE CIVILIAN INHABITANTS: ONE OF THE LAST FAMILIES OF OLDER FOLK
ABOUT TO START FROM THEIR HOME.



TO SAVE HIS MEN: INFANTRY BEING
A TRENCH-BOMBARDMENT.



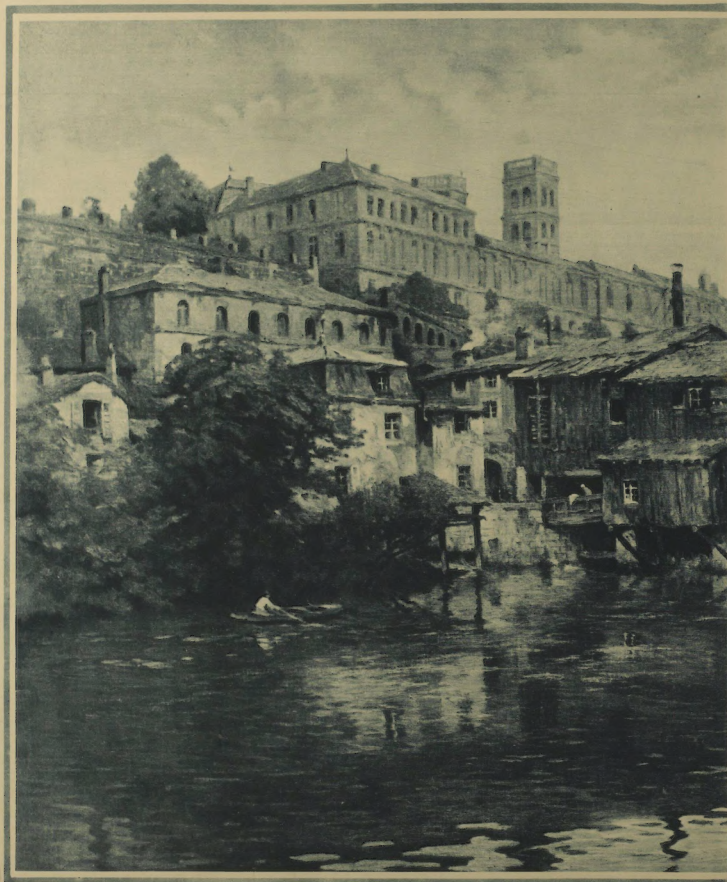
ON THE WAY TO BE CROSS-EXAMINED BY FRENCH OFFICERS: GERMAN PRISONERS
PASSING ALONG THE STREETS TO HEADQUARTERS.

In the first and fourth illustrations are depicted a feature of certain French arrangements at Verdun which, from a soldier's point of view, are ideal in the defence of a city. The civilian inhabitants of Verdun, its suburbs and neighbouring villages, twenty-five thousand people—shop-keepers, artisans, officials, ordinary residents, and peasants, men, women, and children—have been deported en bloc, all save three men. One of these is left in charge of a small cabaret, to supply food and lodging to any casual soldier passing by—as he is seen (in the first illustration) doing to two cyclist soldiers. It poured a different task, getting the people to leave their homes. Not till March 4, a fortnight after the battle began, were all out. In the fourth illustration some of the last of the older folk, who were very old men about going, are seen leaving the town. In the second illustration, a French captive observation-balloon unit

is shown on the move to its post, the parts of the balloon, with the inflating apparatus and gas-reservoirs, being distributed among the wagons. A 120-mm. position-gun is seen (in the third illustration) being drawn to the firing-point by the motor-wagon carrying the gunners. One of the secrets of the successful defence of Verdun is disclosed in the fifth illustration, showing one of the immense high-shelf dugouts forced, out of range of the enemy's artillery, by the foresight of the French higher command. Immediately the Germans began to move in force towards Verdun, French infantry being kept under cover in the rear of the trenches are seen in the next illustration. That is in accordance with General Pétain's tactics of expending as few men as possible to the enemy's furious artillery fire on the front lines. German prisoners going through Verdun to be questioned by French officers are the subject of the last illustration.

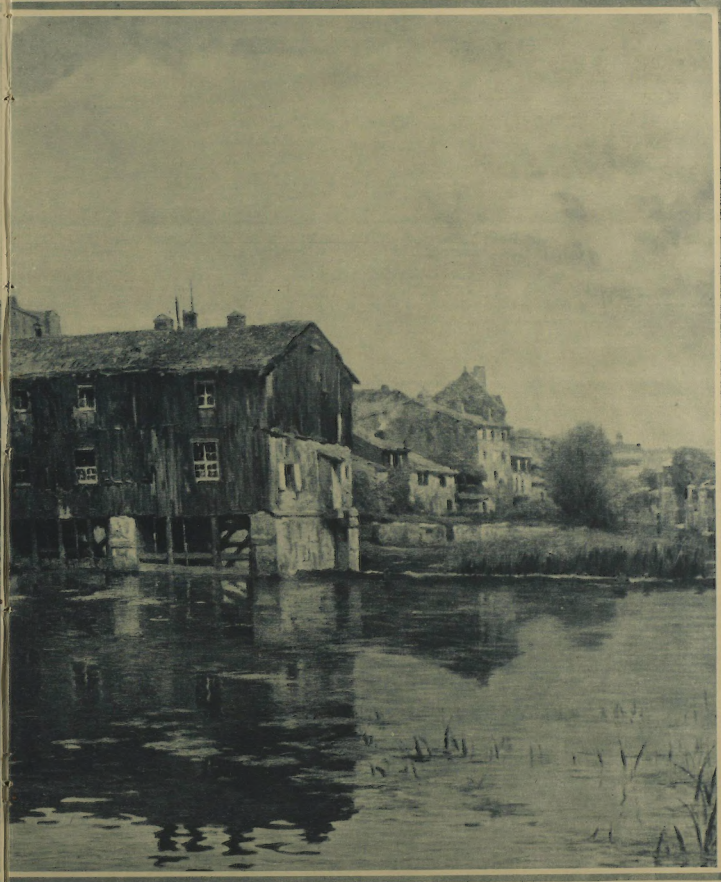
THE TOWN BEFORE WHICH A VAST BATTLE HAS BEEN RAGING: VERDUN IN THE DAYS OF PEACE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. RENAUDIN; PHOTOGRAPH BY A. D. DUPONT. PICTURE COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



EMPTIED OF ITS INHABITANTS BY THE GERMAN BOMBARDMENT:

"Nine-inch shells are falling round Verdun to-day," wrote an Associated Press correspondent recently. "The gendarme on duty near one gate told me he had kept tally of those that fell last night. There were 177 of them, shattered by massive earth and masonry, at one of the gates, I counted projectiles exploding about every three minutes. . . . The city is vacant, more like the ghost of a city than a modern, well-built town. . . . 25,000 people locked their doors, and, with a small allowance of preserved baggage, left by order. . . . One can walk



VERDUN—SHOWING THE BISHOP'S PALACE AND THE OLD MILL.

through miles of shattered windows without seeing a person. The city is little damaged." Mr. H. Warner Allen writes: "Verdun . . . can murder three divisions. . . . The first objective of visitors to a bombarded town is invariably the cathedral—since the Germans have made a habit of the destruction of these sacred edifices. In Verdun, however, they cannot see their target, and consequently, so far, beyond an insignificant hole in the roof and the breaking of all its glass, the cathedral is intact. . . . Several large shells had fallen near the cathedral."

CHAMPAGNE AND VERDUN: GERMAN FLAMMENWERFER IN ACTION; AND FRENCH GOING TO THE FIRING-LINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



A REVIVED FORM OF GERMAN FRIGHTFULNESS IN CHAMPAGNE: FRENCH AMBULANCE-MEN LEAVING THEIR DUG-OUT TO WATCH JETS OF BURNING OIL FROM THE ENEMY'S FLAME-PROJECTORS—SHOWING SMOKE FROM THEM IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE GERMAN USE OF FLAME-PROJECTORS TO SQUIRT LIQUID FIRE UPON THE FRENCH: ANOTHER VIEW FROM THE FRENCH LINES SHOWING (IN THE BACKGROUND) SMOKE FROM THE BURNING OIL.



CARRYING ALL THEIR IMPEDIMENTA (INCLUDING ROLLED BLANKETS) ON THEIR BACKS: HEAVILY LADEN FRENCH INFANTRY STARTING FOR THE FIRING-LINE DURING THE BATTLE OF VERDUN.



HOW GALLANT FRENCH TROOPS DEFENDING VERDUN REACHED THE FIRING-LINE: INFANTRY ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT MARCHING THROUGH A LABYRINTH OF COMMUNICATION-TRENCHES.

The splendid courage shown by the French troops in the defence of Verdun has excited universal admiration. "When one talks with the men who come down to Verdun straight from the firing-line," writes Mr. H. Warner Allen, "one realises how tremendous must have been the German losses. Never have French troops fought more magnificently. . . . Two Divisions held up two German Army Corps for several hours. Every yard of ground yielded was paid for by the enemy a hundred times over. . . . The endurance of the French troops during this battle has been beyond all praise." In some of the recent fighting, the Germans have had recourse again to the use of their diabolical flame-projectors (*Flammenwerfer*) which squirt burning oil upon their opponents. It is said that the German Imperial Guards are supplied with *Flammenwerfer* of two kinds, one hurling the flame 12 yards, and a larger

type as far as 55 yards. "In Champagne," said a French official communiqué of March 6, "the Germans launched an attack, accompanied by jets of liquid fire, upon our positions between Mont Têtu and Maisons de Champagne. On our right the enemy, stopped by our curtain-fire, was not able to leave his trenches. On the left, in the vicinity of Maisons de Champagne, he succeeded in penetrating into a small advanced work." Later, however, the ground was regained by the French. A Paris communiqué of the 8th stated: "In Champagne, in the region east of the Maisons de Champagne, we delivered an attack which made us masters again of the elements of trenches which the enemy had captured on March 6. During this action we took 85 prisoners, including 3 officers, and captured a machine-gun. A German counter-attack directed a little later against the positions we were holding was repulsed."



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

What must be the thoughts and feelings of a Commander-in-Chief as he surveys the scene of destruction after a battle? On him rests a terrible responsibility; first, to the nation whose cause has been entrusted to him, and secondly, to the soldiers of his army, whose lives are in his hands. In this fine picture, the artist has realized the tragic significance of such a scene. The lonely figure of the Commander-in-Chief standing a little apart from his Staff is silhouetted against a sunset sky reddened by

the flames of burning villages. His attitude suggests the burden of care that rests upon his shoulders; it almost reveals what is passing in his mind. What has been the result of the battle? How far has it furthered the object in view? What proportion do the losses bear to the gains? Above all, what is the next thing to be done? Fortunate is that Commander-in-Chief who is fighting for the right.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

NATIONAL GAINS; AND A LOSS: FAMOUS PICTURES SOLD.



BOUGHT FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY:
"MADONNA AND CHILD"—BY MASACCIO.



BOUGHT FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "LA COLLATION";
OR, "THE MUSIC-PARTY"—BY PIETER DE HOOCH.



SOLD FROM THE NEEDLE COLLECTION, AND NOW IN THE UNITED STATES: GAINSBOROUGH'S "VIEW IN THE MALL:
ST. JAMES'S PARK."

Despite the anxieties of war-time and the urgent pleas for personal economy, the art world is not wholly idle, and the changed ownerships of three important works are to be chronicled as events of national interest. Two of the three paintings which we reproduce have been purchased for the National Gallery. "The Madonna and Child," by Masaccio, was the property of the Rev. Arthur F. Sutton, of Brant Broughton, was painted probably about 1426, and is claimed to be the centre panel of the great altarpiece executed by Masaccio for the Church of the Carmine at Pisa. "La Collation," or "The Music-Party," by Pieter de Hooch, was sold for about £3360 at the Steengracht

Sale, in Paris, in 1913, but it has now been purchased for the National Gallery for less than that sum. The Masaccio was bought with the assistance of the National Art Collections Fund, which contributed half the money; and the de Hooch was bought out of the interest of the Temple West Fund. Gainsborough's beautiful "View in the Mall: St. James's Park," which is as lovely as a Watteau and possesses, also, all the breadth of treatment of Gainsborough, has also changed owners. It was painted for Mr. Kilderbee, of Ipswich, and was seen at Christie's in 1828. It has now been sold, and the purchaser is the American house of Mr. Louis Duveen, in association with Mr. Lockett Agnew.

MEN-AT-ARMS AT NOTRE DAME: A "MEDIÆVAL" SCENE IN PARIS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS.

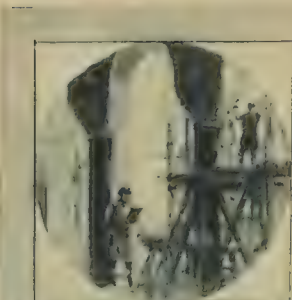


"DIM LIGHT GLINTING ON THE STEEL HELMETS GIVES A MEDIÆVAL ASPECT TO THE SCENE":

PERMISSIONNAIRES IN PARIS PASSING NOTRE DAME.

The steel helmets which have been adopted both in the French Army and our own, to protect the men's heads from shrapnel bullets and shell-splinters, give the modern soldier something of the appearance of a man-at-arms of the Middle Ages. With a glorious relic of Gothic architecture as a background, the illusion that the centuries have rolled back is almost complete. Thus it is in the scene here represented, which, as Mr. Villiers says in a note on his sketch from which the drawing was made, shows the arrival in Paris

of a number of *permissionnaires*—French soldiers on furlough from the trenches. They are seen massed outside the west front of Notre Dame. "The men are loaded," Mr. Villiers adds, "with impedimenta—hung with haversacks and trophies. It is a wet evening, and the dim light glinting on the steel helmets of the men gives a mediæval aspect to the scene, in keeping with the gloom of the ancient cathedral." Here we see something of the romantic side of war.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOHA AT THE STATION, VIENNA, ON HIS JOURNEY TO BERLIN.



THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREAT AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLES & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

GERMAN SUBSTITUTES FOR FOOD.

A LETTER has lately appeared in the daily Press from a neutral who travelled from Berlin to Vienna by the *train-de-luxe*. In the train he took

by a process not dissimilar to the consumption of coal in a furnace; it also has to repair the destruction of tissue in nerve and muscle caused by their use in the exertion of daily life; and finally, it has to provide a constant and equable supply of blood to all the vessels of the body, and thus to maintain

These services are obtained by man from the food he consumes by the process known as digestion; and it is here that the proper admixture of the five ingredients comes in. For digestion is in itself a vital function demanding for its exercise no inconsiderable expenditure of heat and work. Hence it is necessary, if the human machine is to be run on economical lines, that digestion, which is, in fact, the selection and assimilation from the food of the elements necessary to the organism, shall be run as cheaply as possible, or, in other words, that is to say, the work it demands shall be small. Thus, potatoes will supply the 20 grammes of nitrogen which, according to most authorities, the manual labourer requires daily. But to obtain it, 5 kilogrammes of them must be eaten and this would produce more than double the 300 grammes of carbon wanted during the same period. The excess has to be got rid of in some form and with a corresponding waste of vital energy.

Again, the organs of digestion in man are the result of a long process of evolution in which both nature and nurture, or the habits of the race and of the individual organism since birth, have played their part. As everyone knows, the brain-worker cannot profitably be fed on the same diet as the muscle-worker, nor an Englishman in our cold and ever-varying climate on that which suffices for the sun-bathed Oriental. Moreover, the zest or appetite with which food is taken has a direct effect on the amount of nutrition derived from it, and was at one time thought to be due to a substance called "osmazome," said to be present in properly cooked meat and other viands. This idea seems now to be given up by physiologists, and has been replaced by the more probable view that appetite is purely a nervous phenomenon produced, perhaps, by the expectation of sensual gratification, and depending partly on the association of ideas. However, this may be, there can be no doubt of its utility, and that it is stimulated by a carefully varied diet, and one which appeals to such outward senses as the taste and smell. All these conditions would be wanting in synthetically prepared food, and a nation fed on them would probably, before long, die of starvation as effectually as if deprived of food altogether.

F. L.



THE SCIENCE OF "COALING SHIP": A MECHANICAL METHOD OF COALING WAR-SHIPS BY THE TEMPERLEY TRANSPORTER APPARATUS.

Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.

the usual 5-mark dinner consisting of soup, *entrée*, joint, and pudding, and was not unfavourably impressed by its appearance. On eating it, however, he was disillusioned, and found that the soup was little more than hot water, to which a flavour had been imparted by chemical means; the *entrée* chiefly potatoes, treated in the same way; the meat, mainly gristle, stewed to rags; the sweet, like the *entrée*, with a chemical substitute for sugar added; while the bread was naturally the famous "war" variety. The taste, though mawkish, was not repellent, but he found after consuming the meal that he was nearly as hungry as before, and that he was ravenous for another at the end of the journey. The experience is typical, and may be considered fatal to the German dream that satisfactory substitutes for the ordinary food of man can be manufactured by synthetic chemistry.

the stream which keeps every vital function working as surely as the irrigating canal maintains the productive power of the soil in a thirsty land.

Now, the ordinary food of man—as has often been said in this column—should consist, if he is to derive the fullest benefit from it in the way of making good the wear of brain and muscle, of proteids such as the albumen contained in meat, milk, and eggs, of fats, of carbohydrates, such as sugar and starch, of mineral salts, and of water. Besides the foods just mentioned, bread of good quality, made from wheat or rye, fish, and vegetables contain more than one of these ingredients mixed together in varying proportions, and in a form which the experience of millennia has shown to be easily assimilable by man. But the proportion which these ingredients should bear to one another is a constant, and cannot be varied by much or for long without being followed by certain evil consequences. The reason for this is that we require many services of our food. It is wanted to produce the requisite quantity of heat for the regular working of the vital processes, which it does



THE MAKING OF A FRENCH "75" GUN: MOLTEN STEEL FLOWING FROM A RESERVOIR INTO AN INGOT-MOULD IN THE SCHNEIDER WORKS AT CREUSOT.

Photo. by Boyer.

THE WAR OF FOUNDRIES AND MUNITIONS: A VULCAN'S FORGE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAUDEIN



AN EARLY PHASE IN THE EVOLUTION OF A BIG GUN: A BESSEMER FURNACE AT WORK PREPARING STEEL.

The war is being fought in the steel-foundries and armament-factories as much as on the field of battle. More than any other war has ever been, and on a far vaster scale, it is pre-eminently a struggle of guns and munitions. Our photograph, taken, it may be mentioned, in America, shows one of the earlier stages in the making of cannon—a Bessemer furnace at work preparing steel. The Bessemer process, so named from its inventor, the late Sir Henry Bessemer, consists in the conversion of cast-iron to steel by

oxidising the carbon by means of a current of air blown through the iron while molten. The air oxidises the carbon to carbonic oxide and carbon monoxide, and at the same time maintains the iron at a suitably high temperature by this oxidation, until practically the whole of the carbon is removed. The pear-shaped vessel used in thus converting cast-iron to steel is known as a Bessemer Converter. Some of these vessels are seen in the photograph here reproduced, one being in operation.

"TIGHTLY CLOSED TO THE OUTER WORLD": FRENCH ROADS "BARRED."



HOW ROAD TRAFFIC IS STOPPED ALTOGETHER: A LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF A ROAD RENDERED IMPASSABLE.



A DEVICE FOR CAUSING VEHICLES TO SLOW UP: A TWIST IN THE ROAD, WITH OBSTACLES AT THE SIDES.



WHERE A MOTOR-CAR CAN ONLY PASS THROUGH AT A SNAIL'S PACE: A STRETCH OF ROAD "CORK-SCREWED" BY MEANS OF PITS AND EMBANKMENTS.



HOW MOTOR-CARS AND OTHER VEHICLES ARE HELD UP FOR THE EXAMINATION OF PASSPORTS: A BARRICADE OF OVERTURNED CARTS, WITH A SMALL PASSAGE-WAY GUARDED BY TROOPS.

In these days of motor-cars, the military supervision of road traffic in an area of war, for examining passports and credentials, is a very important matter in view of the activities of enemy spies and agents. These drawings illustrate typical methods adopted by the French for holding up vehicles on roads. The first one shows a road made absolutely impassable by a deep pit, with iron spikes, dug across it and the approaches barred by an embankment on one side and barbed wire on the other. Near fortifications such wire is often electrified. The second and third drawings show how a section of

road is so "cork-screwed" as to compel vehicles to slow up, and the last one shows an ordinary barricade. Lord Northcliffe, in describing his visit to Verdun, mentions how strictly the roads in that region are guarded. "The whole zone for miles around," he writes, "is tightly closed to the outer world as a lodge of Freemasons. Furnished with every possible kind of pass, accompanied by a member of the French Headquarters Staff in a military car driven by a chauffeur whose steel helmet marked him as a soldier, I was nevertheless held up by intractable gendarmes."

ITALY'S POET-AIRMAN: TO TRIESTE BY AIR WITH GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.



RECEIVING HIS INSTRUCTIONS: LIEUT.-OBSERVER GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO WITH GENERAL ORO.



IN THE MACHINE FROM WHICH HE DROPPED MESSAGES INTO TRIESTE: LIEUT. D'ANNUNZIO AND HIS PILOT, LIEUT. BOLOGNA.



JUST BEFORE THE START OF THEIR ADVENTUROUS FLIGHT OVER TRIESTE ON JANUARY 17: LIEUT. D'ANNUNZIO (WHO HAS SINCE BEEN INJURED BY AN ACCIDENT) AND LIEUT. BOLOGNA STANDING BESIDE THEIR MACHINE.

Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio evidently does not agree with those who hold that men of genius should be preserved from the perils of war. The famous Italian poet has shown his fervent patriotism, not only in the verses and speeches which have done so much to kindle the ardour of his countrymen, but also by his personal example. Shortly after Italy entered the war, he became an aviation officer, and he has made many aeroplane flights as an observer. It was stated on February 26 that he had been injured while engaged in this dangerous work and was in hospital at Venice. It was feared that he would lose the sight of one eye, but fortunately this proved not to be the case. During

several flights over "Italia Irredenta" he has dropped poems and messages of encouragement. An Italian paper says: "After repeated flights over the upper Adriatic, Gabriele d'Annunzio—with the Naval Lieutenant Luigi Bologna as pilot—flew over Trieste on January 17. . . . Again the poet threw out messages. All fell on central quarters." The message began as follows: "Trieste, into your heart we bring the sincere greeting of Italy for the beginning year, for the year of liberation which will be the first year of your new life." The machine was fired on, but returned safely to Venice. Signor d'Annunzio has also experienced the perils of mine-laying by night near the enemy's coast.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BIRKETT, VANDER, HARNETT, LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO., BURNES AND SHEPHERD, LAFAYETTE, THOMSON, SWAIN, MAULL AND FOX, AND LANGFIER.



2ND LIEUT. GARETH M. STANTON,
R. West Kent Regiment. Eldest son of
late Mr. Charles Stanton, of Lewisham, and
grandson of late W. A. Hutton, Gillingham.



LIEUT. R. L. NEEDHAM,
1/4th Battalion, Hampshire Regiment.
Officially reported killed in action in the
Persian Gulf.



2ND LIEUT. CHARLES H. TISDALL,
Royal Sussex Regiment. Killed in his
nineteenth year, while saving a private
who had been buried alive.



2ND LIEUT. D. M. H. JEWELL,
R. Fusiliers. Fifth son of late Mr.
Maurice Jewell, of Iquique, Chile, and of
Mrs. Pugh-Cook, Selsey.



CAPTAIN SMART CULLIMORE,
South Wales Borderers. A fine swimmer
and keen athlete; captain of Newport
Police polo team.



COMMR. SEYMOUR FISHER-ROWE, R.N.
Son of late Captain E. R. Fisher-Rowe,
of Thorncroft, Bramley, and Lady
Victoria Fisher-Rowe, Godalming.



PROBATIONARY FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT.
FRANCIS H. TOMS, R.N.
Has been officially reported killed on
February 20.



2ND LIEUT. TERENCE D. O'BRIEN,
16th Lancers, attached R.F.C. Son of
Brig.-General E. D. J. O'Brien, C.B., late
14th Hussars.



CAPTAIN H. G. LOFTUS,
York and Lancaster Regiment. Only son
of Frederick T. Loftus, Liverpool, and Mrs.
Loftus, Coleherne Court. Aged 19 years.



2ND LT. ALFRED VICTOR SMITH, V.C.,
E. Lancashire Regiment. Threw himself
on a live bomb and saved many lives by
an act of superb courage.



MAJOR DAVID G. BRYCE,
70th Punjabis, I.A. Fought in Tirah
Expedition (medal, 3 clasps); Somaliland
(medal, 2 clasps).



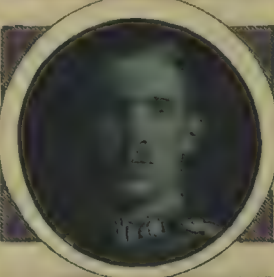
LT. GEORGE KESTEVEN K. WILGRESS,
Canadian Expeditionary Force. Only son
of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Trollope Wilgress,
of Brockville, Ontario.



CAPTAIN K. B. MCKENZIE,
123rd Outram Rifles, I.A. Reported miss-
ing after Loos. Now reported dead in
German list.



MAJOR AND ADJT. LORD DESMOND
FITZGERALD,
Irish Guards. Brother and heir-pre-
sumptive to the Duke of Leinster. Aged 27.



2ND LIEUT. HECTOR CAMERON,
Q. Own Cameron Highlanders. Wounded
and missing after battle of the Aisne. Now
reported dead.



CAPTAIN OSWALD C. RADFORD,
King's Royal Rifle Corps. Son of Mr.
Henry Chinneck Radford, of Bedford.
Officially reported killed.



LIEUT. A. W. LANE-JOYNT,
Motor Machine-Gun Section. Son of
Mrs. Glenleigh J. S. Taylor, Ashburnham
Mansions, S.W.



LIEUT. FREDERICK CRATHORNE,
Royal Engineers. Second son of Mr. John
Crathorne, Gamlyn, Vryheid, Natal.
Officially reported killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. A. E. C. ARCHER,
The Buffs and Royal Flying Corps.
Officially reported killed while on
active service.



LIEUT. RHODEI D. OWEN JONES,
36th Jacob's Horse, I.A. Only son of
Major-General R. Owen Jones, C.B., R.E.,
of Bryntegid, Bala.



Trade Mark.

Dunlop: Here is an illustration, General, of my point about steel non-skids for ambulances and staff cars. How would rubber barbed wire work?

The General: Wouldn't hold anything!

Dunlop: Exactly; and a cover with rubber barbs, so to speak, won't hold your car on grease. Rubber doesn't bite through to solid ground; steel does. On the other hand, rubber will hold on a surface where steel would slip.

The General: So you recommend?

Dunlop: Steel-studded covers on the near-back and off-front wheels, and grooved rubber covers on the other two. It is the best all-round arrangement for varying road surfaces and weather conditions.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.,

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY,

Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.

PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

A MILITARY MONTH.

CAPTAIN Cecil Battine has written a long book on a short month of the war. He has employed some 300 pages, and some first-class maps, to discuss a period containing less than a dozen days of fighting. All the same, he has not written more than was necessary. A new view-point from the side of skill, technique, and keen labour has an inspiration. We who have been thrilled by the superb devotion and valour of the fighting men

and composedly to save France and Britain and Europe from out the broken schemes of battle? A just appreciation of these things and many other things will be found in this volume, "A Military History of the War: From the Declaration of War to the Close of the Campaign of August 1914," published for the *Daily Telegraph* by Hodder and Stoughton, London. Captain Battine has made good use of his office as the Military Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* to set down a full and sober serial of facts. The war is German-made not merely in a political sense, but in

in almost all points, also failed in the opening stages of the war. The Allied deficiencies in the opening stages of the fighting show up startlingly. Our conservatism in the matter of big guns is known; but our incapability in Intelligence, which caused us entirely to misconceive the direction of German assault that led to the failures in Alsace and Lorraine, and which caused the British and French armies to flounder about in the north without connection or knowledge of what each was doing, is still a new and startling fact to our minds. It is for points



THE TRAINING OF OFFICERS FOR THE ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY: A GROUP.

In the Front Row (reading from left to right) are 2nd Lieut. J. S. West; 2nd Lieut. J. L. Crommelin Brown; 2nd Lieut. F. G. Wrisberg; Lieut. E. T. Turnock; Major J. S. S. Clarke (Instructor in Gunnery); Col. H. A. Inglis, R.A.; Brig-Gen. R. F. Johnson, C.B., C.M.G.; Major T. Munro (Adjutant, R.G.A.); Capt. Kendall, A.D.C.; Lieut. Bruce S. Ingram; 2nd Lieut. A. Wallis Malls; 2nd Lieut. E. Howard Shepard; 2nd Lieut. Dudley C. Maddick. In the Next Row are: 2nd Lieut. L. J. Roskams; 2nd Lieut. D. L. Hemmingway; 2nd Lieut. S. A. H. Dell; 2nd Lieut. B. H. Willett; 2nd Lieut. A. Earl; 2nd Lieut. H. G. Saxeman; 2nd Lieut. E. D. G. Aston; 2nd Lieut. D. H. G. Fabbourne; 2nd Lieut. M. H. Webb-Peploe; 2nd Lieut. J. Spencer Lovell; 2nd Lieut. W. C. Whittaker; 2nd Lieut. H. G. Courtney; 2nd Lieut. E.

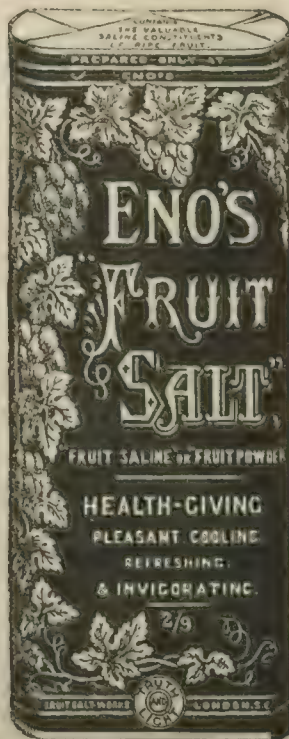
Clement Rennie; 2nd Lieut. K. Williams; 2nd Lieut. H. G. W. Brinsley; 2nd Lieut. W. E. Leveson. In the Next Row are: 2nd Lieut. G. H. Leigh-Mallory; 2nd Lieut. A. H. Sidgwick; 2nd Lieut. I. A. Howe; 2nd Lieut. C. Buttanshaw; 2nd Lieut. J. L. Dodds; 2nd Lieut. R. M. Hooper; 2nd Lieut. R. B. Sanderson; 2nd Lieut. E. C. Bliss; 2nd Lieut. H. J. L. Murphy; 2nd Lieut. J. D. Crichton; 2nd Lieut. J. L. Strain; 2nd Lieut. H. V. Markham; 2nd Lieut. B. S. Lloyd; 2nd Lieut. C. V. Turpin; 2nd Lieut. G. F. C. Huntriss; 2nd Lieut. M. D. Cloran. At the Back-Centre are: 2nd Lieut. A. B. Thornton; 2nd Lieut. J. J. H. Spink; 2nd Lieut. J. C. Thomson; 2nd Lieut. C. H. A. Bennett; 2nd Lieut. W. L. W. Smith; 2nd Lieut. S. R. Green; 2nd Lieut. C. H. F. Barnes-Lawrence; 2nd Lieut. W. J. Harrison.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

have not yet fully grasped the equally superb devotion and valour of the men who direct. The dogged grit of the soldiers who fell back from Morhange and Mons we know, but do we realise, yet, the dogged grit of the French and British Commanders who saw in Morhange and Mons the failure of their plans, and who yet worked calmly

a military sense. The Allies have had to amend their thoughts to German practice. We can see how Germany constructed Armageddon on a new model of officer-training and selection, of Intelligence work, and of the use of big and little guns. And we can see how the Allies, failing to appreciate these new military dogmas

like these that the book is valuable, for they help us to appreciate our past deficiencies and to build up our future efficiency. It is out of so able a reconstruction of events embracing all fronts that we can observe the supporting fabric under the vast construction of war—we see war from the centre outwards.

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Dispenses with usual buttons.

LITERATURE.

"Vive La France!" American correspondents have supplied much corroborative detail about the war which is too often lacking from the bald, if not unconvincing, official narratives. Without suggesting that the American reports possess merely verisimilitude, it may be admitted that they aim first at telling a picturesque story. For example, in Mr. E. Alexander Powell's excellent book, "Vive La France!" (Hutchinson), after a vivid description of the capture of the "Compagnie Emile Dupont" was wounded, and what his experiences were on the journey to hospital in Paris, the author continues: "From the moment that soldierly duty is over, it will be such that the system of the Service de Santé Militaire . . . works well." We quote this, not in disparagement, but merely to indicate the writer's method. He, however, of the truth, is inclined to "pass on the subject," but this, again, is a good thing if it awakens some complacent people to the necessity of doing better. The danger is certainly there, and our description could make it even more than it is. Mr. Powell had exceptional facilities for visiting the French front, and was not infrequently under fire. He is full of enthusiasm for France and her Army, and thinks the Allies will win in the end. He has good things also to say of the British, mixed with some candid criticism. Of our soldiers he writes: "You do not hear the men discussing 'the terms of peace we will grant Germany,' or 'What shall we do with the Kaiser?' . . . They are not boasting at all, but they have settled down to the herculean task that lies before them with a grim determination, a bull-dog tenacity of purpose, which is

eventually, I believe, going to prove the deciding factor in the war." Other chapters deal with Alsace, the Vosges, Champagne, the war in the air, and the work of the Red Cross. Mr. Powell writes powerfully of what he has seen with his own eyes, and he has seen much. Some of his work has already appeared in the daily Press. The numerous photographs that illustrate the book (their authorship is not stated) are almost as dramatic as the

been strong enough to protect herself against a hostile permanent settlement. In the first period she trusted to land defences—castles, forts, and the like. The second may be said to synchronise with the existence proper of the Navy as her first line and chief bulwark. The Roman castra, running from Brancaster, in Norfolk, to Porchester, by Portsmouth Harbour, were built at different times. Pevensey, for example, came late in the Roman

Occupation. Each fort did not necessarily command a view of its neighbours, but probably they could signal to each other. The plan of Dover, well intact, like the second on the western heights of which traces remain, doubtless served the double purpose of naval base and light house. Mr. George Clanchy, who has just published a book on "English Coast Defences" (George Bell and Sons) that is packed with informing matter, explains in the same way the buildings for which must have been laid the foundations. He has traced the foundations of the towers and walls at Richborough (Rutupiae) could communicate with Dover, and they, the towers, have been able to do so with the coast of France included in "the Saxon shore" commanded by the Comes Littoris Saxonici. The Saxons probably never garrisoned these fortresses. For long they seem to have avoided, from a superstitious dread, the ruins of Romano-British



THE TRAINING OF OFFICERS FOR THE ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY: SOME MASTERS AND STUDENTS.

From left to right, in the front row, are: 2nd Lieut. J. S. West; 2nd Lieut. R. M. Hooper; 2nd Lieut. J. C. Thomson; 2nd Lieut. B. H. Willett; 2nd Lieut. G. H. Leigh Mallory; 2nd Lieut. W. J. Harrison; and 2nd Lieut. J. L. Crommelin Brown. In the back row are: 2nd Lieut. B. S. Lloyd; 2nd Lieut. H. G. Stevenson; 2nd Lieut. L. J. Roskams; 2nd Lieut. E. D. G. Aston; 2nd Lieut. C. H. F. Barnes Lawrence; 2nd Lieut. C. H. A. Bennett; 2nd Lieut. M. H. Webb-Peploe; 2nd Lieut. R. B. Sanderson; 2nd Lieut. J. L. Strain; and 2nd Lieut. H. V. Markham. [Photograph by Bassano.]

text. Nearly all show incident and movement, and they give a lively sense of warfare actually in progress.

English Coast Defences. Up to the Norman Conquest almost every attempt of an enemy to land on our shores was ultimately, though not always immediately, successful. From that date onwards England has

towns and houses. On the other hand, the Normans, in their castles for defence, frequently took advantage of pre-existing Roman works. On these, and the medieval castles and walled towns—and, indeed, all forms of coast defences down to the early years of last century—Mr. Clinch's volume, both text and illustrations, may be consulted with profit and pleasure.

URODONAL

RENEWES YOUTH

LIFE'S WEAR & TEAR.



The human body is a delicate and complicated machine, whose regular functioning depends chiefly upon the regular circulation of the blood through the intricate maze of vessels—arteries, veins, and capillaries of various calibre, and with elastic walls, the motive force being provided by the heart, whose principal function consists in pumping about 2500 gallons of blood per day.

Unfortunately, the human machine, like any other machine, suffers from wear and tear. For numerous reasons, too lengthy to explain in detail, the composing materials become worn, while modifications, decomposition, and faulty assimilation occur, resulting in a quantity of waste products obstructing the free circulation of the blood, which is moreover loaded with the residue of incomplete or imperfect combustion. Circulation is more difficult on account of the blood being thus rendered viscid, and also because the vessels through which it passes become hardened by the impurities which are deposited, and are transformed into the semblance of "clay piping," thus offering greater resistance to its free circulation. The normal channels of elimination of these poisons also tend to become gradually less adequate to their functions. Lastly, the heart itself fails, either owing to its task being too heavy, and thus causing overstrain, or else, through being affected by sclerosis or fatty degeneration, in the same way as the vascular system (of which it is the terminus, as well as the dynamo), it becomes hardened and atrophied.

It is therefore evident that it is absolutely necessary to keep the blood in a perfect state of purity and fluidity, to regulate arterial tension, and to eliminate the poisons that are liable to clog the vessels, whose flexibility must be maintained at all costs. These are precisely the effects obtained by the regular use of URODONAL.

URODONAL has been recommended by Professor Lancereaux, the late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine. Professor Légerot, late Professor of Physiology at the École de Sciences, Algiers, also points out its remarkable value in arterio-sclerosis after having made experiments with this preparation.

URODONAL not only works wonders by means of its well-known uric acid-dissolving properties (although this virtue alone is invaluable in view of the fact that this is the poison that is most liable to clog the blood and become deposited in the arterial walls and tissues, beside being the most injurious), but it also exerts a similar dissolving and eliminating action on the purities, which are even more injurious. It is a marvellous diuretic: it stimulates the kidney functions, celerates circulation, removes deposits from the tissues and joints, and eliminates all fluids. Moreover it is absolutely harmless, this being a rare virtue among such energetic agents.

Conclusion: all sufferers from, or candidates to Arterio-sclerosis are in need of URODONAL, and their number is legion!

Dr. J. L. S. BOTAL, Paris Faculty of Medicine.

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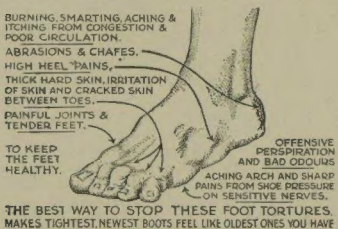
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NO ONE NEED SUFFER TORTURE NOW.

Most foot troubles are simply indications of injured tissue, but there is really no need of enduring these tortures a single moment. They can be instantly relieved and permanently cured by simply resting the feet for about ten minutes in a warm foot bath containing a tablespoonful of ordinary Reudel Bath Saltrates. This softens even the



THE BEST WAY TO STOP THESE FOOT TORTURES, MAKES TIGHTEST, NEWEST BOOTS FEEL LIKE OLDEST ONES YOU HAVE

hardest calloused skin so it comes right off at the touch and by soothing the irritation of the feet, all pain is promptly stopped. The feet being the farthest points from the heart to which the blood must be pumped, foot troubles are usually due to shoe-pressure and defective circulation in these extremities. By treating the feet as above directed you will stimulate the blood circulation, instantly relieve any painful congestion, clear out sebaceous matter from the clogged pores, render the skin active and healthy, prevent offensive odours and banish such foot troubles for all time. Most chemists keep the refined Reudel Bath Saltrates ready put up in convenient packets, one of which should prove more than sufficient to permanently end foot misery. The remarkable compound is solely of British preparation, and although the water it forms is quite similar in composition to that of famous natural springs, it is admitted to be far superior to any of them in its wonderful effects upon foot troubles. Try this refreshing foot-bath after coming in from a long walk. You will soon feel like dancing with joy—H.G.C.



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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

S L HOGAREN (5616t, B.E.F., France).—We willingly credit you with the correct solution of No. 3764, and are glad to know the problem gave you a momentary pleasure in such trying circumstances.

CAMILLE GENOUD and OTHERS.—We will communicate to the composer of No. 3726 your very flattering estimate of the position.

S A F SHARFUDDER (Dacca).—We have not received your solutions of Nos. 3719 and 3720, apparently because you have not addressed your letters to *The Illustrated London News*. That containing the solution of No. 3722 only reached us from another paper.

C WILLING (Philadelphia).—We are pleased to receive the catalogue of your chess library, of which we may have something to say later on.

G WILKINSON and OTHERS.—There is no solution of Problem No. 3726 by way of 1. Q to R 7th.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club, between MESSRS. GERMANN and SAVAGE.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. S.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th

It is a pleasure to meet such an old friend at this time of day.

4. B takes P
5. P to Q B 3rd B to R 4th
6. P to Q 4th P takes P
7. Castles P to Q 3rd
8. P takes P B to Kt 3rd
9. P to Q 5th Kt to K 2nd
10. B to Kt 2nd Kt to K B 3rd
11. Kt to Q 2nd

Scarcely in the spirit of the Evans, which demands unrelenting pressure for its success. B to Q 3rd is probably the best reply, but P to K 5th promises liveliness.

11. Castles
12. P to K R 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd
13. K to R 2nd R to K sq
14. B to Q 3rd Kt to B 5th

The attack has now passed over entirely to Black, a fatal development in this particular opening.

15. B to B 2nd P to Q B 3rd
16. Kt to K Kt sq

An unfortunate defence, as Black clearly shows.

16. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)
17. K to R sq

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. S.)

Immediate loss of the game follows the capture of the Knight.

17. Kt takes P (ch)
18. R takes Kt B takes R
19. Q to B 3rd B takes Kt
20. Q takes Kt B to Kt 3rd
21. R to B sq P to K B 3rd
22. Q to R 4th R to K 4th

Very well played, effectively stopping any danger on the King's side from a combination of Queen and two Bishops.

23. Kt to B 3rd B to Q 2nd
24. P takes P P takes P
25. B to Kt 3 (ch) K to R sq
26. B takes R

White has got back the exchange, but he is two Pawns down with an inferior position.

26. Q P takes B
27. Q to Kt 3rd Q to K 2nd
28. Kt to R 4th B to K 3rd
29. Kt to B 5th B takes Kt
30. P takes B R to Q sq
31. Q to K B 3rd P to K 5th
32. Q to K 2nd Q to K 4th
33. R to Q B sq B to B 2nd
34. P to K Kt 4th R to Q 6th
35. Q to Kt 2nd R to Kt 6th
36. Q to B 2nd R takes P (ch)
37. K to Kt sq B to Kt 3rd

A well-handled game by the winner.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3721 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3722 from S A F Sharfuddur (Dacca); of No. 3723 from G B (Malta) and G Dawkins (Natal); of No. 3724 from W P Masey (Zaroo City, U.S.A.); J B Camara (Madeira), D G Douglas (Ithaca, U.S.A.), A V Markwell (Kavalla, Greece), J B Peckover, and F Mansur (Quincy, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 3725 from J B Camara and A Perry (Dublin); of No. 3726 from A G Cooke (Clifton), J Verrall (Roddell), L Ebbs (Oxford), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J Isaacson (Liverpool), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), L Chomé La Roque, H S Brandreth (Penzance), and F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield).

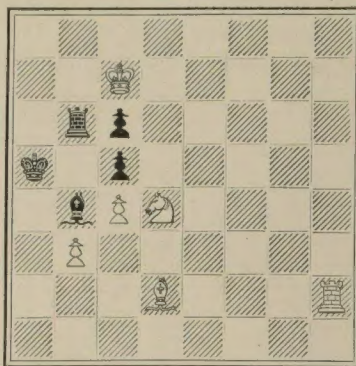
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3727 received from W Q Salusbury-White, A G Cooke, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Colham), J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), A W M McFarlane (Waterford), J S Forbes (Brighton), L Chomé La Roque, J J Dennis (Gosport), H H Cooper (Aldershot), E J Overton, Rev. J Christie (Redditch), H Grasett Baldwin, G Wilkinson (Bristol), J Smart, and L M A.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3725.—By A. M. SPARKE.

WHITE BLACK
1. Kt to K 5th Any move.
2. Q, R, or Kt mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3728.—By J. AWWER

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Rice Memorial Tournament resulted, as was expected, in a victory for Capablanca with a score of 14 points; Janowski being second, with 11 points; and Chajns, third, with 10½. The winner has since been challenged by Marshall, but we doubt if any player living is capable of lowering his colours.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

THE early death of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the Anglo-African composer of much music that the world will long enjoy, was a distinct loss to the country, and it was to be expected that some loving hand would trace the simple story of the musician's life. Mr. W. C. Berwick Sayers has come forward with the biography, and has called it "Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, Musician: His Life and Letters" (Cassell). It is in no spirit of detraction or depreciation that the book must be pronounced of little serious interest. It is at best a catalogue of commonplace incidents, relieved here and there by a few sound reflections, and lightened at long intervals by the narration of some incident that does seem worthy of print. But whatever its shortcomings, they do not reflect upon the author; the spirit in which the work has been undertaken is wholly admirable: the hard fact remains that it is the music of the composer that matters. The events of his brief seven-and-thirty years have little concern save for a small body of personal friends who had frequent occasion to recognise that Coleridge-Taylor was a man gifted with high ideals and rare personal charm. Some of us who never had the pleasure of meeting him had gathered as much from his music. It speaks to us with a simple eloquence and a certain appeal that the commonplaces of a strenuous and restricted career cannot imitate. Only here and there the biography reveals the man who once said in his own whimsical fashion that he sometimes felt he "could set a butcher's bill to music." On the whole he was fortunate, although he parted with the rich rights of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" for £15 15s.—and "when the work was at the height of its immense popularity the publishers presented him with a second cheque for £25." Happy in his temperament, supremely fortunate in his married life, devoted to his work, leaving behind him at so early an age an enduring monument—surely there is much to be grateful for here, in a country that only permits musicians to live if they will be as strenuous as munition-workers. It was given to Coleridge-Taylor to enjoy the devotion of friends, to express the great gift that was in him, to help the cause of his race in America (where a Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society was waiting to welcome his first visit to the States), and to delight countless lovers of music in the Old World and the New. His own unaided genius gave him the little he acquired, and the effect of his sympathetic personality upon his friends is revealed by Mr. Berwick Sayers. To Mr. Sayers the most trivial matters, the simplest letters, the mildest incidents, are of value; something of the sincerity of a great friendship gives them a sanction not their own. If we cannot help thinking that there was not in the dead musician's life material for three hundred pages of biography, it is because we regard his music as a better tribute to his memory than any record of the common round and daily task can possibly provide.



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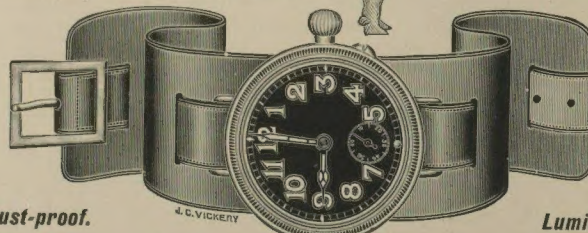
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Pleasure Motoring.

Somewhat or other, little attention seems to be paid to the request of the Government not to motor for pleasure. I know it is hard for our young folk not to enjoy life as they may; but these are extraordinary times, and we all have to sacrifice something. I hope these lines may be read by some of the young drivers, girls as well as boys, who were on the Portsmouth Road a fortnight ago this Saturday and Sunday. Take the latter day, for instance. The special constables on duty counted 38 motors, side-cars, and motor-cycles between 11 a.m. and 11.15 a.m.; while from 12.15 to 12.45 p.m. there were 116, or nearly four each minute, passing, of which 90 per cent. were driven by young people, and only two cars contained wounded soldiers. At a well-known hotel on this road, at 12.15 p.m., there were 21 motor-cars and 14 motor-cycles outside. And the procession proceeded on this four-cars-a-minute basis nearly all day, even in the luncheon-hour, which is usually the slackest period of road-using by the world of wheels. The Guildford Road was quite as bad; and as for the cars that crossed Barnes Common, their number seemed countless, and one would have imagined that war did not exist, as it had in no way reduced this traffic from that of ordinary times. I felt very much inclined to hold up this traffic and inquire why each car was on the road; but in most cases it was obvious—pleasure motoring.

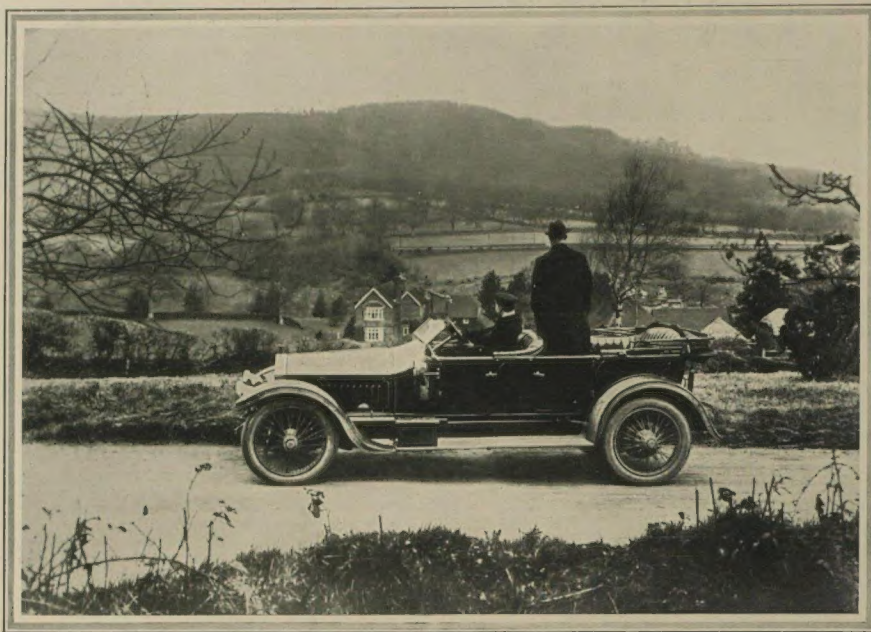
A Remedy. We in England have for so many ages been free agents to do just as we like that it is difficult to get general British humanity under a form of discipline. Still, to-day most of us are serving our country in one way or other, as soldiers, sailors, policemen, and war-workers, therefore it is less difficult

to obey orders in place of pleasing oneself. Consequently, it seems to me that, if there is a real necessity to stop pleasure-motoring, this pastime must be placed "under orders." In France and Germany, as soon as the war started, all cars could only be driven by their owners or their employees provided the motorist applied and received an official permit. This brevet is only available for one

trouble, and it would leave all other motorists to "show cause," as the lawyers phrase it, why they should be allowed to use their cars. I am quite sure the County Councils could deal with the work of granting permits, and then it would be more difficult for the enemies' secret service folk to get about. As it is, one always has to carry the driving-licence with one when motoring; and so the official permit, either in the form of a badge or document, would have to be carried too. Personally, I think that, if pleasures are to be discountenanced, it should apply to every sort of amusement, and, if folk are not to be allowed to spend money in that direction, all other amusements should bear their share of the general discouragement. All pleasures indulged in bring income to others, and if motoring is banned, cinemas and theatres should be taxed, old clothes should be the fashion, billiards and cards in the clubs mulcted for the good of the Exchequer. Football, cricket, golf, and boxing, I suppose, come under healthy exercises to keep people fit, while hunting and horse-racing encourage horse-breeding, so possibly they might be left alone; but the whole question bristles with difficulties.

W. W.

In these days, a familiar saying might be presented in a slightly different guise: "Cleanliness is next to"—patriotism, for it is a scientific and serious fact that the more British-made soap we use, the more we are helping our Imperial war-chest, as one of the by-products of soap-making, glycerine, is an important explosive agent. As Mr. John Hope, the Chairman of John Knight, Ltd., the well-known soap-makers, pointed out at the recent meeting of the Company, the more British soap that is made, the more we are all helping to supply the sinews of war.



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month, and then it has to be renewed. This scheme has worked excellently in France, and I see no reason why it should not do so in England. The man who uses his car to go to his business, the doctor, the lady who gives pleasure-rides to our wounded, and the commercial motors would then get their permits without any

products of soap-making, glycerine, is an important explosive agent. As Mr. John Hope, the Chairman of John Knight, Ltd., the well-known soap-makers, pointed out at the recent meeting of the Company, the more British soap that is made, the more we are all helping to supply the sinews of war.

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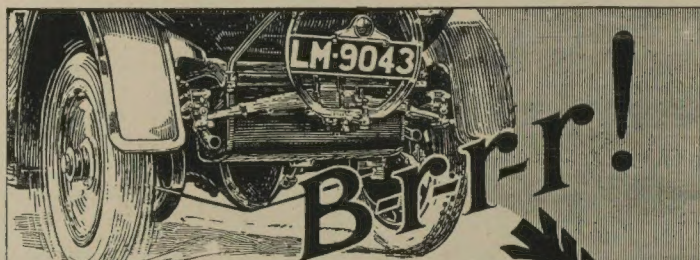
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